



"HANDS UP!"

As Santa Claus Looks to Some of Us.



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Cartoons and Comments

KEEPING THE WOLF FROM THE DOOR.

PITY the poor ex-President! What a sad sight he is for kind old Mr. CARNEGIE to contemplate! His Cabinet officers, by the experience which they have gained as the heads of great Government departments, are thereby qualified to accept high and lucrative positions in the business, financial, or professional worlds, but the President, the chief under whom they served, when his term is up, he must be pensioned. The subordinates are in demand, but, from Mr. CARNEGIE's point of view, nobody is apt to want an ex-President. They can't all be Contributing Editors. Some of them will find themselves in actual want. Hence, the CARNEGIE offer of \$25,000 a year, in order that they may live in the "style to which they have been accustomed." Nobody belittles the desirability of this, but unless he is physically or mentally ailing, a man who has been for four or eight years, as the case may be, head of the big business known as the United States of America ought to be able to pick up a pretty fair living in some private capacity, where large experience and a grasp of big things count for something. In these material days, the mere association of an ex-President's name with a corporation or a business enterprise is worth a penny or two; as instance the case of Colonel ROOSEVELT and the *Outlook*. If, however, the question is one of dignity, and whether propriety does not forbid a man who has been President of the United States from working thereafter for his living, the wherewithal to support him should come directly from the public treasury, not indirectly from it (through the tariff on steel) as the case too plainly would be were good Mr. CARNEGIE allowed to stand treat. We believe that, privately, Mr. CARNEGIE thinks so too.

DAVID was a nervy young man when he took his sling in hand and went boldly out against the Philistine giant, GOLIATH. And King NICHOLAS of Montenegro was also possessed of nerve when, some years after the episode of DAVID and GOLIATH, he tackled the Turk single-handed, without waiting to see what the other Balkan States intended to do. These intrepid gentlemen both look good upon the pages of history, but both of them are in eclipse, and put there by the Governor of the small but active State of Rhode Island, U. S. A. It was some achievement for DAVID to defy GOLIATH, that big and impudent person. And it was likewise no small stunt for the King of the

Black Mountain to bid the Moslem giant come forth to battle; but where does DAVID and where does NICHOLAS stand when compared with the Governor of Rhode Island who threw down the gauntlet at the feet of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railway and dared it to fight to a finish? The Philistines and the Israelites were both surprised when DAVID strode out to meet GOLIATH. And all Europe caught its breath when little Montenegro said "Come on!" to the terrible Turk. But what was either sensation in degree compared with the thrill that went through the United States, particularly the Eastern portion of it, when Rhode Island spoke "right out in meetin'" to the benevolent despotism which rules New England? We know the result of DAVID's daring, and we are not to be in doubt long as to the outcome of Montenegro's rashness. But what is going to happen to Little Rhody?



"THERE WON'T BE ENOUGH TO GO 'ROUND!"

THE desire of the President elect to have the inaugural festivities at Washington postponed from March to April will not be seconded by the rank and file of the Democratic Party. Governor WILSON, it is said, believes that the climate of the capital city is at its very worst in the month of March, and in this there are many who will agree with him. It is cold, abominably so, and blustery. But blustery and cold as the fourth of March, 1913, may be in Washington, we are sure that the day will glow with warmth despite the weather to those Democrats who have been out in the political cold for nearly twenty years.

AT LAST a man has been found who will say a good word for Governor DIX. His name is PATRICK.



HIS LITTLE NIECE.
AND HE HAD BROUGHT HER A DOLL FOR CHRISTMAS!

DRAMA.

ACT I.

He loved Lucile.
But Lucile did n't love him.
No go.

ACT II.

Katherine loved him.
But he failed to love Katherine.
Nothing doing.

ACT III.

He loved Clarice.
Clarice loved him.
At least, so they thought.

ACT IV.

The other woman did n't love him.
He did n't love the other woman.
It was mere illusion.

ACT V.

They lived happily ever after.

Donald A. Kahn.

BEANS.

THE head-hunters of the islands had been uncommonly successful — their canoes, when they returned, were heavily laden with the heads of their slain enemies.

They were met at the beach by the women and children and old men of the tribe.

"Why, we can have baked beans every day of the week!" these exclaimed, making no concealment of their delight.

THE shape of an hour-glass serves to remind us that there should be the smallest possible waste to our time.

HOPE often disappoints us; but this is natural, seeing that the poets describe her as a fair woman.



THE CRISIS OVER.

MINISTER.—Is your poor father any better, my dear?

LITTLE GIRL.—Oh, yes. He's so much better that muvver's stopped prayin' for him, and gone to jawin' him again!

THE GREAT MAN.

IN PUBLIC.

MY FRIENDS, it has been my happy privilege to be useful in many ways, and to contribute what I could to the public good. It is every man's duty to do that, and I do not want to take any credit to myself for anything that I have done, the gratification of feeling that I have been helpful to my fellow men being all the reward I ask. It has been my privilege to come into close association with many of the most distinguished men of the world, and to have had many of them for my close friends, and while this has been a privilege and a pleasure, it has given me no greater gratification than I feel in standing before you to-night, for the common people are, after all, quite as useful as those of us who through accident or otherwise find ourselves in the more exalted positions in life. We may all have high ideals and know something of the joy of achievement in any position in life. I have made this same remark to my close personal friend, President Taft, and also to my good friend Theodore Roosevelt, who commands my admiration and respect even though I do not always agree with him, but this does not lessen our friendship, any more than a difference of opinion makes a breach between me and my good friend, Governor Woodrow Wilson, whom I have had the privilege of knowing many years. I quite agree with my old friend, Andrew Carnegie, that



A TENDER SUBJECT.

MR. DUCK.—That statue of your husband is a wonderful piece of carving, Mrs. Gobbler.

WIDOW GOBBLER.—Oh, my dear Mr. Duck, don't, I pray you, speak—(sob)—of—(sob)—carving!

—but I did not come before you to-night to speak of myself or of the many good causes to which I have given my support as well as a part of my income. The question before us to-night has to do with that most sacred of all institutions, the home, than which there is nothing in the world so dear to the true and normal human heart. Who would not agree with one

who has said: 'He is happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his home'? It is the home, my good friends, the home, that calls forth, or should call forth, the best that is in us, and," etc., etc., etc.

THE GREAT MAN AT HOME.

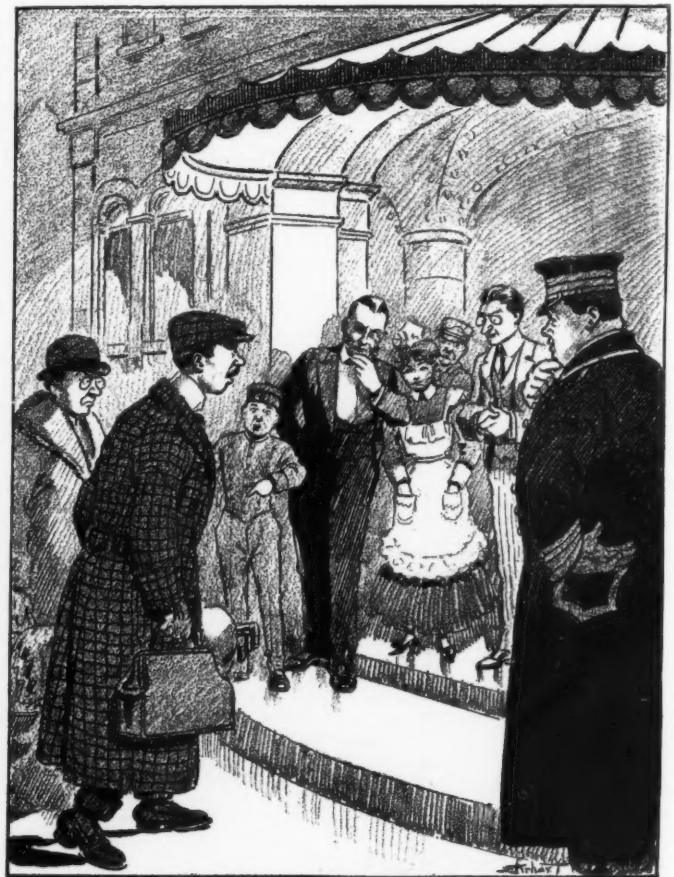
"Where in time is my collar-button? It's a mighty queer thing that I can never find a collar-button when I want one most! I bet if I bought nineteen gross of collar-buttons to-day there would n't be one in the house to-morrow. Somebody find a collar-button and put it in my evening shirt! Get me a clean handkerchief, some one, and here you, Maria, you get a brush-broom and brush up my evening suit! I should think you'd have pride enough in your husband to want to have him look his best when he stands before the public! If you appreciated him as much as— Why have n't you got the buttons in my evening-suit waistcoat? Put down that window, somebody! Want me to catch my death of cold dressing with a window open? Where is my evening tie? Where is it? Strange thing to me that a man can't— Find that tie, somebody, and you or one of the girls come here and tie it! Don't bother me about the furnace! You expect me to go into a cellar and rattle down ashes in a furnace—ME? Help me on with my coat! Where's my gloves? Where's my umbrella? It's enough to make any man yell when he can't find one of his things and a thousand people are waiting to hear him speak and fussing if he is late! It beats time—" etc.

Max Merryman.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES WERE GOOD INDEED.



IN FORMER TIMES, MAN DEEMED HIMSELF SAFE FROM HIGHWAYMEN ON REACHING THE INN.



WHEREAS, IN THESE LATER DAYS, THE HIGHWAYMEN ARE ALL THERE, AWAITING HIS ARRIVAL.

PUCK

AROUND THE VICIOUS CIRCLE.



WITH EYES ELSEWHERE.

MRS. YOUNGHUSBAND.—How do you like the French dressing, dear?
MR. YOUNGHUSBAND (*absently*).—Bully!

THEM RAILROAD GUYS.



I holdin' my own it's a pretty good bet
I'll get all that 's comin'—I always have yet,—
But for gettin' in front and for coppin' the prize,
I take off my hat to them railroad guys.

In the restaurant now, for a sandwich or two,
I notice my neighbor pays less 'an I do.
"What 's the answer?" I ask, and the waiter replies:
"We gotta—he's one of them railroad guys."

To the guard at the gate, if my train 's about due:
"Why can't I get in? You let that fellow through.
Who is he?" I ask. "A Grand Duke in disguise?"
"Duke nothing! He's one of them railroad guys."

When the "Con" ambles through and insists on his fare,
A chap springs a pass with a top-lofty air.
"Is it Morgan?" I ask with a gasp of surprise.
"Naw! Only just one of them railroad guys."

A wreck holds us up for an hour or two;
Not a passenger hurt!—only one of the crew.
They say he's hurt bad and that maybe he dies—
Ain't it lucky it's one of them railroad guys?

When he goes up to Heaven he won't have to wait
With the rest of the crowd out in front of the gate
His pass to St. Peter! And through it he flies!
A-seein' he's one of them railroad guys.

Frank Hill Phillips.

HER UNFORTUNATE FLIGHT.

MRS. CUMSO.—Poor Mrs. Darley complains that she can't get
any new gowns.
MRS. FANGLE.—Why, I thought she married a ladies' tailor?
MRS. CUMSO.—So she did, and that's just the trouble. Her
husband is so busy with orders that he can't make his wife's gowns,
and of course it would never do for her to go elsewhere.

MORE ENTHUSIASM.

REVEREND GUDE.—I think we will have the choir open with "As
it was in the beginning."
DEACON PHAN.—What? When our team was trailing the
bunch! Poor taste, parson. Better have them sing "As it was on
August 24th," when we took that glorious double-header from
Ellicottville, and held second place by an eyelash.

WOMAN leads the world: She used smokeless powder centuries before
men ever thought of adopting it.

ACCORDING to reliable newspapers from our large cities Vice has
been suppressed.

It is true that thousands of men and women are still being
worked at a starvation wage, and that thousands of others
are so broken in mind and body that even if there were
jobs for them they could not work one steady week.

It is true also that honest hard work still brings
to the worker nothing but disease, accident, and
premature old age, and that the only always-open
road to wealth still lies through the exploitation of
some form of Vice.

Yet it seems an admitted fact that Vice has
been suppressed.

It is true, moreover, that wealth for some men
is still piling up so fast that Vice becomes insen-
sibly a necessary part of their lives. And it is
true that other men are still so hard driven and
underpaid that Vice for them supplies the only color
in their black lives.

However, Vice has been suppressed.

But would it be impertinent to point out a second time that,
notwithstanding the Suppression, those who must needs work for Vice
for a livelihood and those who itch to send their money through
the channels of Vice are still with us?

And might one remark that our present civilization is so wrapped
about Vice and riveted to Vice that every dollar passing through our
hands has at some time been stamped and fouled by Vice? That
honorable men, refined women, exquisite children, venerable green-
grocers, elegant upholsterers, and a myriad of others depend for their
very livelihood on the continuance of Vice?

Nevertheless, Vice has been suppressed. Wonder just how we
did it?

Horatio Winslow.

SO MANY NUMBERS.

FRIEND (*in 1925*).—So next year's cars are going to be fifty feet wide?
AUTO AGENT.—Yes. You see we must have room for the number
on the back.



A DOUBLE DOSE.

THE OLD LADY.—Well, what made you so late this time?
THE OLD MAN (*trying a new one*).—Why, I took Sozzle home from
the club, and his wife made me take him back again!

*It is an odd circumstance that the temperate zone contains the hardest drinkers
on the face of the earth.*

HERE AND THERE IN THEATRE-LAND.



"The Lady of the Slipper."

THE Montgomery-&Stone-Elsie-Janis trio in "The Lady of the Slipper" is a most successful combination, and ought to fill the Globe Theatre for months to come. The Cinderella fairy tale has been made over with all the modern improvements of Russian ballets and staircase waltzes, with a big show of "The Wizard of Oz" type.

"The Lady of the Slipper" is 'way ahead of anything we have had in this line of extravaganza for a long, long time.

Fred Stone is as usual the bright particular star of the show. From the moment he steps into Cinderella's kitchen from the cornfield in his old-time scarecrow make-up, and says to the audience "I just wanted to know if I could come back," he is on the job

with his partner Montgomery. He even goes up and down with the curtain during one of the finales. Elsie Janis is—well, just Elsie Janis, which ought to suit anybody, for Elsie Janis is a very charming young person, and to hear her do Frank Tinney is to forget one's troubles for the rest of the evening. Lillian Lee and Queenie Vassar play the bad sisters of Cinderella; Allene Crater is a fortune-teller who starts the ball rolling, and Mr. David Abrahams is a most "krazy katish" cat. There is a very good-looking chorus, and Lydia Lopoukova contributes a ballet. Of the musical numbers "Fond of the Ladies," "Princess Faraway," and "Hallowe'en" are the "catchiest." Parts of the opening chorus and the ensembles are in Mr. Herbert's best vein. *W. E. Hill.*

THE UNANIMOUS PRESCRIPTION.



VERY honest man who was sick wanted to keep on living. With that end in view he called the neighborhood doctors into consultation.

"Big dose," said the Allopath.

"Small doses,"

said the Homoeopath sapiently.

"Fresh air and exercise," said the Physical Culturist.

"An operation," said the Surgeon.

"Starve," said the Faster.

"Fruits and nuts," said the Dietist.

"Kneading," said the Osteopath.

"My favorite prescription," said the Patent-Medicine Man.

"This is all very interesting," said the patient, "but likewise it is all very different. Is there any grand principle on which you all agree?"

"Yes," they chanted in chorus, "we all agree that when it comes to fees the proper thing is to charge all the traffic will bear and the Devil take the Undertaker. We will send our bills by the next mail." And they did.

Which was exactly the prescription that the honest man needed, for he was obliged to get well in order to earn enough money to die free from debt.

Horatio Winslow.



EXPLICIT DIRECTIONS.

MR. JONES (at Suffrage rally).—Pardon me, is my wife here?
MRS. SMITH.—Why, yes. She is the lady under the eighth hat, this side of the green hat, the other side of the blue hat, four rows down!

THAT'S DIFFERENT.

WHEN a man who can't get a job takes a bucket of coal from a railroad company it's a crime, but when a railroad company that won't adopt safety appliances takes the breath of life from eighteen passengers it's an act of God.

NO JOBS OPEN.

WILLIS.—The ministers are certainly up against it nowadays.

GILLIS.—You bet! You notice they don't even use them for college presidents any more.

THE STAPLE INTEREST.

"SHE's an interesting girl?"
"Oh, very! She's had such thrilling inexperience."

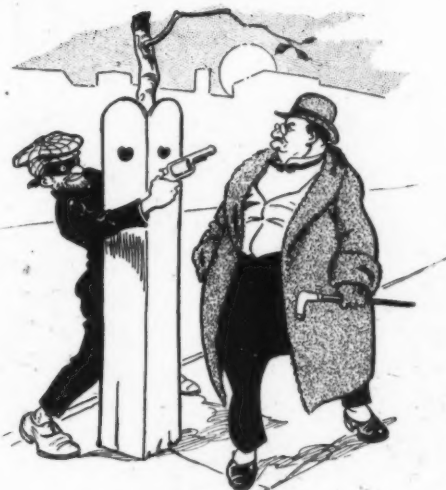
TOO MUCH.

FIRST ALPINE GUIDE.—Strange, that the American should collapse. The avalanche did n't even touch him.

SECOND ALPINE GUIDE.—No; but he is a Democrat, and the sight of two landslides in a year is too much for him.

PUCK

The Recognized —



I.
FOOTPAD.— Money or yer life! Quick now!
VICTIM.— I guess you don't know who I am.
I'm Bill Smith, the criminal lawyer!

A FRIENDLY FEELING.

YOUNG BOBBY SHORT sat at my right
Last evening at the play;
At every point his great delight
He showed in every way.
When, by-and-by, he turned to me
And chatted for a minute:
"I like this play because," said he,
"I know the actors in it."

"And do you know the star?" I said.
"They say his salary's fat,
But could you tell —" He shook his head.
"I did n't mean just that;
But Johnny Chubb, a friend of mine,
He knows another fellow
Who used to know that blonde divine
There on the end in yellow."

Walter G. Doty.

STRIKING A BALANCE.

THE Gods, perceiving that man was of few
days and full of trouble, gave him Philosophy.
But at that the fellow was more comfortable
than he had any right to be.
"Give him Ethics!" the Gods thereupon
directed, by way of evening things up.

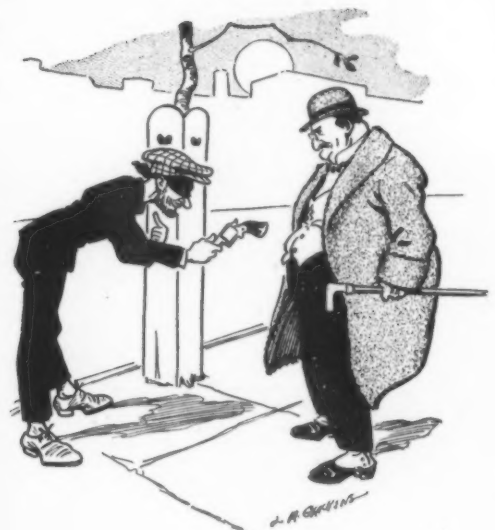


A FEATHER WEIGHT.

GULF.

"BUT now that these sisters are married, a
social gulf separates them hopelessly."
"Indeed?"
"Yes. One of them married a mechanic and
the other a mechanician."

— The Profession.



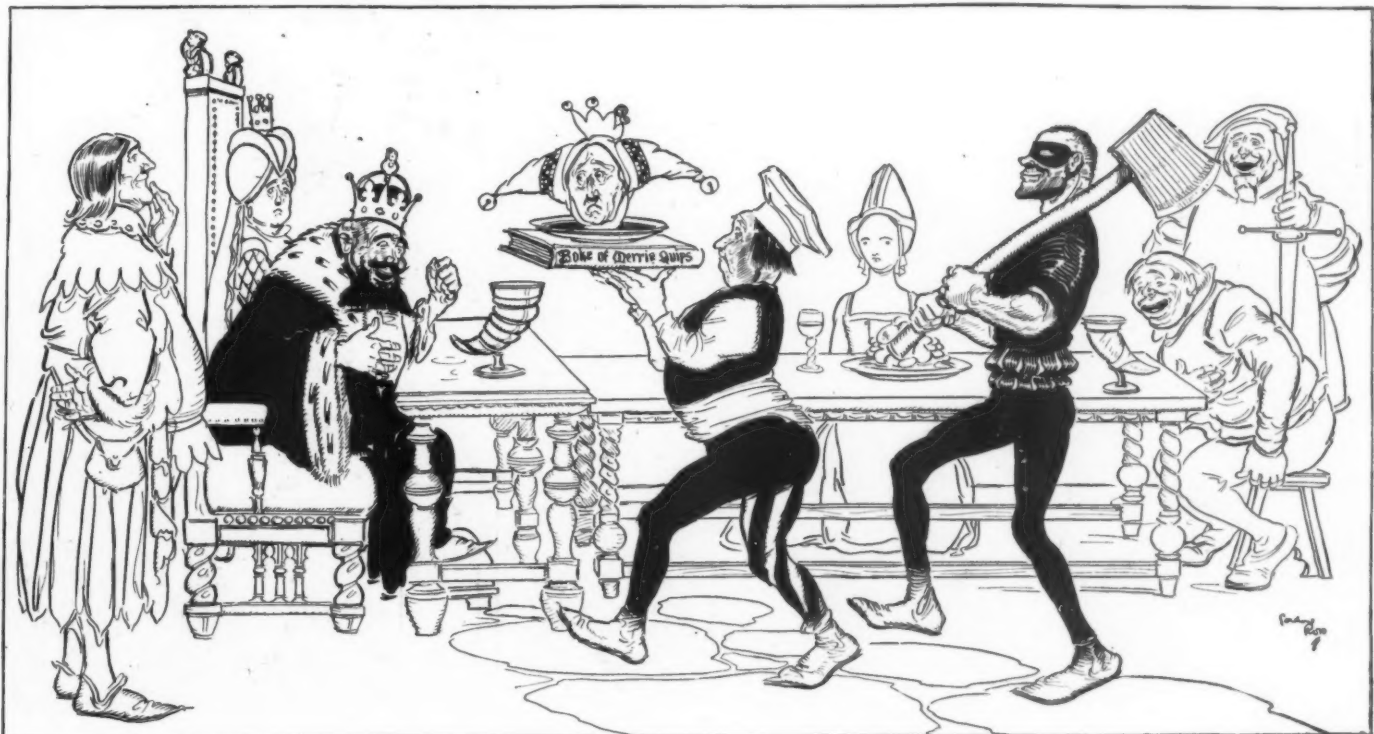
II.
FOOTPAD.— Gee whiz! Here — take dis gun
an' rob me!

BUMPING THE BUMPS.

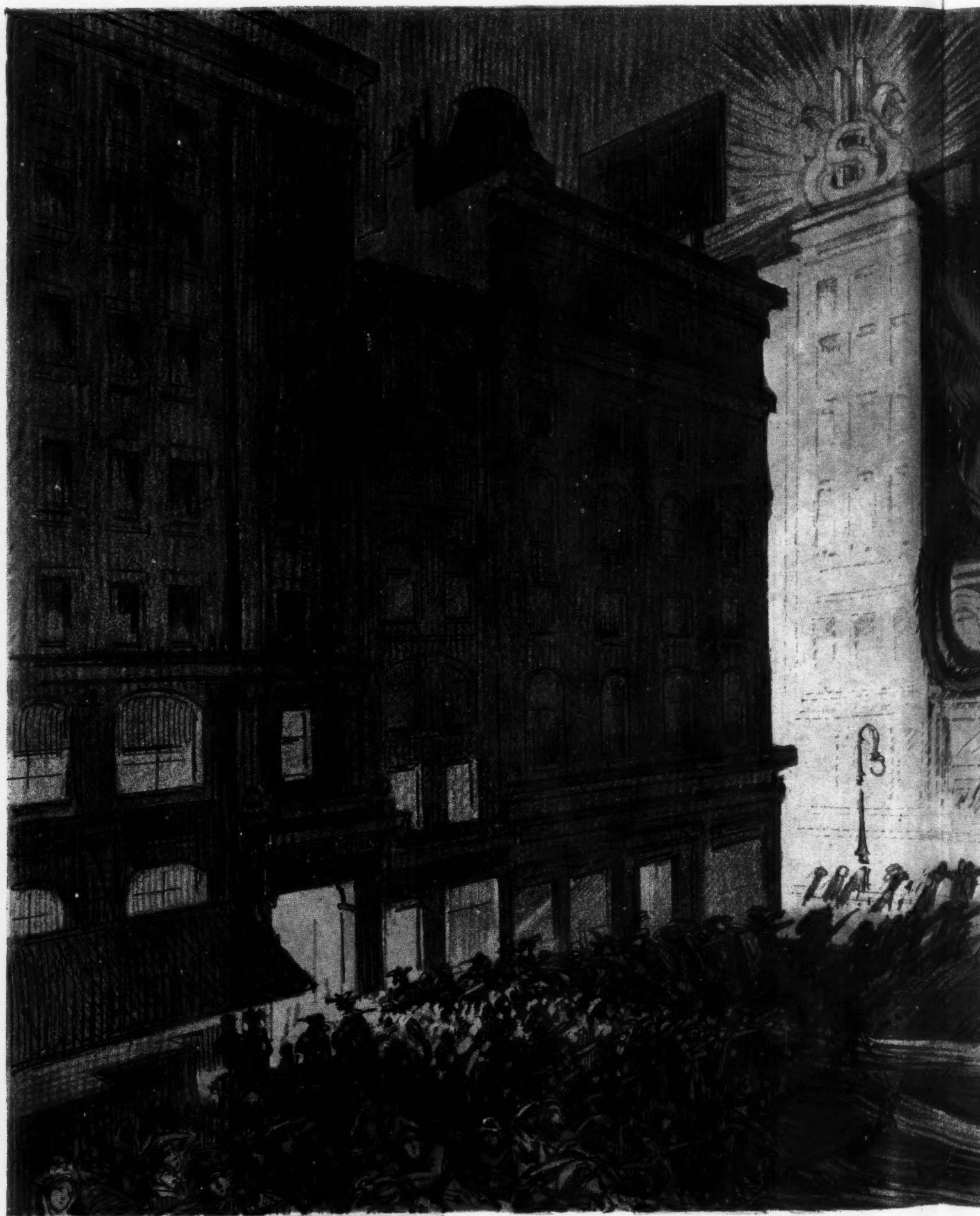
A FARMER in a Western town,—
His name I'll not repeat,—
Put in a mile or two of corn
And eight or ten of wheat.
His land was rich, his crops they grew
Seemed like they'd never stop;
And when the harvest came around
He had a bumper crop.

This farmer bought an auto then,
And paid the cash right down;
He filled it up with gasolene
And joy-rode back from town.
The hills were steep, the ruts were deep,
But he refused to stop;
And ere he'd reached his home he had
Another bumper crop!

Joe Cone.



BRINGING IN THE BORE'S HEAD.



THE PUCK PRESS

THE HAG AND THE FIEND

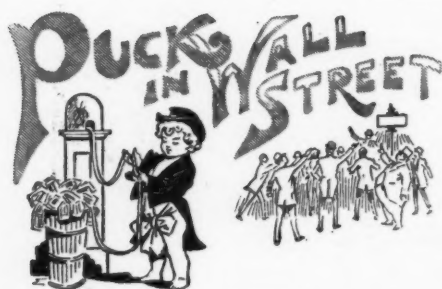
It is not Inclination, but Necessity, that Drives



THE FIEND IN PARTNERSHIP.
y, that Drives the Underpaid Shop-Girl to the Devil.



CHRISTMAS OBSERVANCES.
THE WEIGHTS SINGING FROM DOOR TO DOOR.



WHEN the shift in the control of the dilapidated old "Mop" took place a couple of years ago, the German bondholders sent over a representative to make an individual report on the property.

The second day out from St. Louis the "special" stopped at a little place in Central Kansas where there runs off from the main route one of those nowhere-to-nowhere branch lines built for no other apparent purpose than to furnish an outlet for the stockholders' money.

The foreigner looked with amazement at the rusty, narrow-gauge track almost covered with long grass growing up between the ties. "Why," he asked, "how many times do you operate on this line?"

Three each week, they told him—except when the fireman got drunk. Then there were only two, and sometimes only one.

"What you call this—this branch?" the German demanded of the "division superintendent" assigned to show him around.

"This here branch?" that worthy replied, shooting a stream of tobacco-juice into the middle of a sunflower at least fifteen feet away. "This here is one of our 'feeders'."

The foreigner did n't understand the word, and, considering that they could n't possibly claim that the branch brought the road any traffic, they found it hard to explain. The German shook his head in bewilderment. "I should think," he finally said, "that if there were enough 'feeders' like this the road would starve to death."

A RELATED election story is floating around on the Curb about a prominent member who ran for the Assembly and only got two votes.

The morning after, one of George's friends came up to him and told him that he understood a warrant had been issued for his arrest.

"A warrant?" said the astonished broker. "For what?"

"For repeating," replied his friend.

THE directors of a great bank were in full session. "It has been a most profitable year," the chairman said. "Defalcations by the tellers of two of our competitors have given us a big lead.

Besides our fifty per cent. dividend we have been able to add as much more to our surplus. The question, gentlemen, is what, if anything, shall be done with this money?"

A wild-eyed radical—heaven only knows how he got on that board—arose at the other end of the table. "I move," he said, "that we spend a little of this extra money for what might be called 'insurance'—that we raise the salary of all three of our tellers to a point where they can live decently, as men holding positions of responsibility and trust should." A fierce controversy ensued. But in the end the motion was lost. The proposition was too revolutionary.

"SPARE the rod and spoil the child," sang Solomon—after he was grown up. "To amass great riches," Mr. Carnegie tells us, "is a low and vulgar ambition." Good, coming from him.

"MAKING the total value of the property how much?" finished the president-elect of the new street-car line.

"An even two million," the chief engineer firmly replied. "I suppose, Mr. Blank, that you're planning to capitalize for more than that, but you asked me for a report on what the property is actually worth, and those are the figures. Two million dollars."

The chairman of the Public-Service Commission in that State is known among the Wall Street houses that do street-railway financing as a "bear-cat," but it was without the slightest misgiving that the traction man, an hour or so later, walked into his office. The three other commissioners came in, and without further delay he began to lay before them, for the purpose of getting their consent, his plans for financing the enterprise.

"A careful appraisal of the property," the railway man began, "places its value at exactly two million dollars. It is our idea, therefore, to issue one million dollars of first-mortgage bonds—"

"How many?" This, incredulously, from the chairman.

"One million dollars. The other million we propose to issue in stock—half common and half preferred. Our capitalization will thus exactly equal the value of our property. Now, Mr. Chairman, if this is agreeable—"

But there was no use trying to address that chairman—he lay back unconscious as though suffering from the effects of a heavy blow. Two million dollars of real property. Two million dollars of securities to be issued against it!

"GOVERNMENT raids three get-rich-quick concerns." It was with the greatest satisfaction that old man Stox came out of his private office and read out the headline to the little group around the ticker. "The Post-office people are certainly getting after those fellows," he added. "Yes, and they ought to. Shame it's been allowed to go on so long. Think of the millions and millions that bunch takes out of the unsuspecting people of this country every year. An outrage, if there ever was one!"

One of the ticker-watchers whispered something to the old man and the two walked over to the other side of the room. "No, you can't buy any more," the old broker was saying. "Your margin's down to two points now—and you're still carrying all that Steel. But I'll tell you what we'll do: We'll sell you short a couple of hundred Union if you like."

The customer hesitated. What he had proposed doing was to buy Steel, but what he really wanted was "action," and that he knew he could get just as well by selling Union Pacific short as by buying Steel long. "It's all a gamble, anyway," he told himself. "What do I care which side I'm on?"

They sold the Union short for him and at once the stock went up. He covered at the top eighth. Then the market began to drop, and by two o'clock he had an additional loss of two points on his Steel. "Whipsawed!" he muttered when the order-clerk told him his account had been wiped off the books.

Late that afternoon, while old man Stox sat comfortably in his private office, the cashier brought him the usual summary of the day's business. Eight thousand shares—well, there had been better days, but that was n't so bad—an even thousand dollars in commissions, anyway.

"And how about that Bagley account?" the old man asked.

"Closed out to-day," said the cashier. Then, looking at a memorandum in his hand: "Started with \$5,000. Ran nearly six months—Reading and Union mostly. Total shares traded in, 16,000."

The old man rubbed his hands. "Good for him," he said. "Never thought he'd last that long. Sixteen thousand! Well, that, at an eighth, means \$2,000 clear for us. Pity we haven't got more of them like that around here. Would, if it were n't for these devilish get-rich-quick concerns that get all the investors' money!"

Franklin.



A SELFISH VIEW.

LOBSTER (as skater breaks through ice).—Now, is n't that too bad? That hole in the ice is going to cause an awful draft!

There is no use locking the garage door after the auto has been taken out for a joy-ride.

*Have you ever had
your Whisky
tampered with?*

Born 1820
—still
going strong.



JOHNNIE WALKER

in this new tamper-proof bottle
assures that *you* pour out only
what *the distillers* put in——
genuine Scotch Whisky.

RED Label (*Every drop over
10 years old.*)
BLACK Label (*Every drop over
12 years old.*)

To safeguard these ages, the policy of the
distillers for the future is the same as their
policy of the past. First and foremost to see
that the margin of stocks over sales is always
large enough to maintain the unique quality.

Distilled under the same family management
since 1820.

Matured by time and nature alone.

***Guaranteed Same Quality
throughout the World***

If you have any difficulty in obtaining Johnnie Walker Whisky in
the new 'Protective' bottle, send us a postal card with the name
of your dealer, and we will see that you are supplied. Address:

WILLIAMS & HUMBERT, Agents, 1158 Broadway, New York.

How to Pour.—Tilt the bottle quickly nearly upside down. If the whisky
does not flow freely, give the bottle a slight shake to set the valve in motion.

Pears'

"Our doubts are traitors and make us lose the good we oft might win."

One cake of Pears' convinces.

Sold all over the world.

ONE ON PA.

"Pa, what's a genius?"

"Ask your mother; she married one."

"Why, I didn't know ma had been married twice."—*Houston Post.*

A NEW VERSION.

Fleshy Miss Muffet,
Sat down on Tuffet,
A very good dog in his way;
When she saw what she'd done,
She started to run—
And Tuffet was buried next day.
—*Lippincott's.*

PRENUPTIAL SACRIFICES.

"And you are going to give up smoking?"

"Certainly."

"And drinking?"

"Gladly."

"And you will resign from all your clubs?"

"Willingly."

"Think, dearest, if there is anything else you can give up."

"Well, for one thing, I give up all idea of marrying you."—*Soleil.*

Away With Worthless Trusses



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"It is, madam," said the captain.

"Then where is the insurance sign?" she demanded.—*Sat. Evening Post.*

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The wife opened the volume dutifully and then exclaimed:

"How odd! It's all poetry!"—*Kansas City Star.*

HIS CONFESSION.

"Do you love me, Charles?" inquired the beautiful girl.

"Of course I do."

"Do you think only of me, by day and night?"

"Well, I'll be frank with you. Now and then I think of baseball."—*Washington Herald.*

"So you want to marry my daughter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Got any money saved up?"

"Yes, sir."

"Could you let me have five thousand dollars on my unsecured note?"

"I could, but I would n't."

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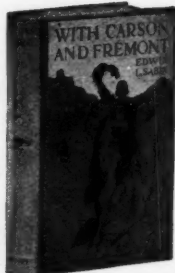
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"What was your mistake?"

"I paid a bill the first time the collector called!"

"Aha! And now you see how foolish you were?"

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“Jack and I have parted forever.” “Good gracious! What does that mean?”

“Means that I'll get a five-pound box of candy in about an hour.”—*Courier-Journal.*

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MRS. PECK.—I will with patience. You were just as troublesome yourself at first.—*Boston Transcript.*

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The minutes passed—10, 15, 20—and at the end of half an hour mother began to wonder what had happened to father. She continued with her sewing, but in a few moments the silence was broken by the pit-a-pat of naked feet.

Nearer came the steps, and an instant later Eva May stood in the doorway, finger raised for silence.

“Hush, hush, mummy!” she said, “I've got daddy off to sleep at last!”—*London Journal.*

“WELL, dear, I guess the honeymoon is over.”

“Why do you say that?” pouted the bride.

“I've been taking stock, and find I'm down to \$2.65.”—*Washington Herald.*



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And Wilson is n't in.

—*The Sun.*

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“Why did the father of the Prodigal Son fall on his neck and weep?”
“Cos he had ter kill the fatted calf, an' de son was n't wort' it.”—*Houston Post.*

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KNICKER.—Riches take wings.
BOCKER.—And wings take riches.
—*The Sun.*

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“To some extent, yes.”
“In what way, for instance?”
“Well, I believe in heriting money.”
—*Boston Transcript.*

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MRS. CRIER.—Gave it to her.—*The Globe.*

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“Sixty days!” roared the judge.—*Harper's Weekly.*

“WHAT has become of your hyphenated friend?”

“My hyphenated friend?”

“Yes. Your friend, Mr. Wombat-Wombat.”

“He is ill of beri-beri.”

“Where?”

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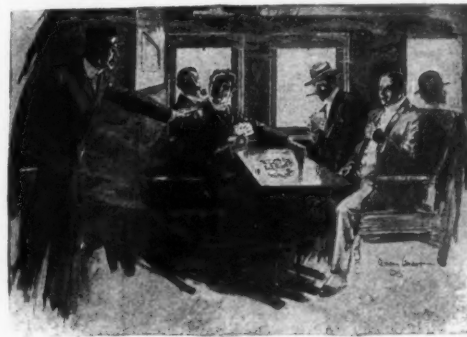
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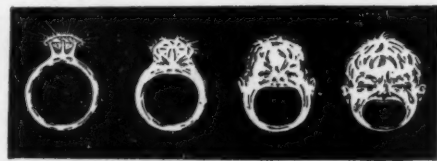
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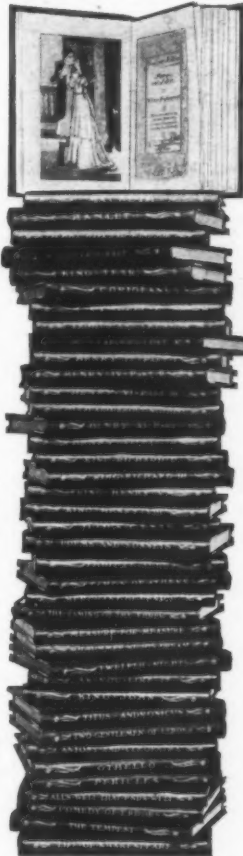
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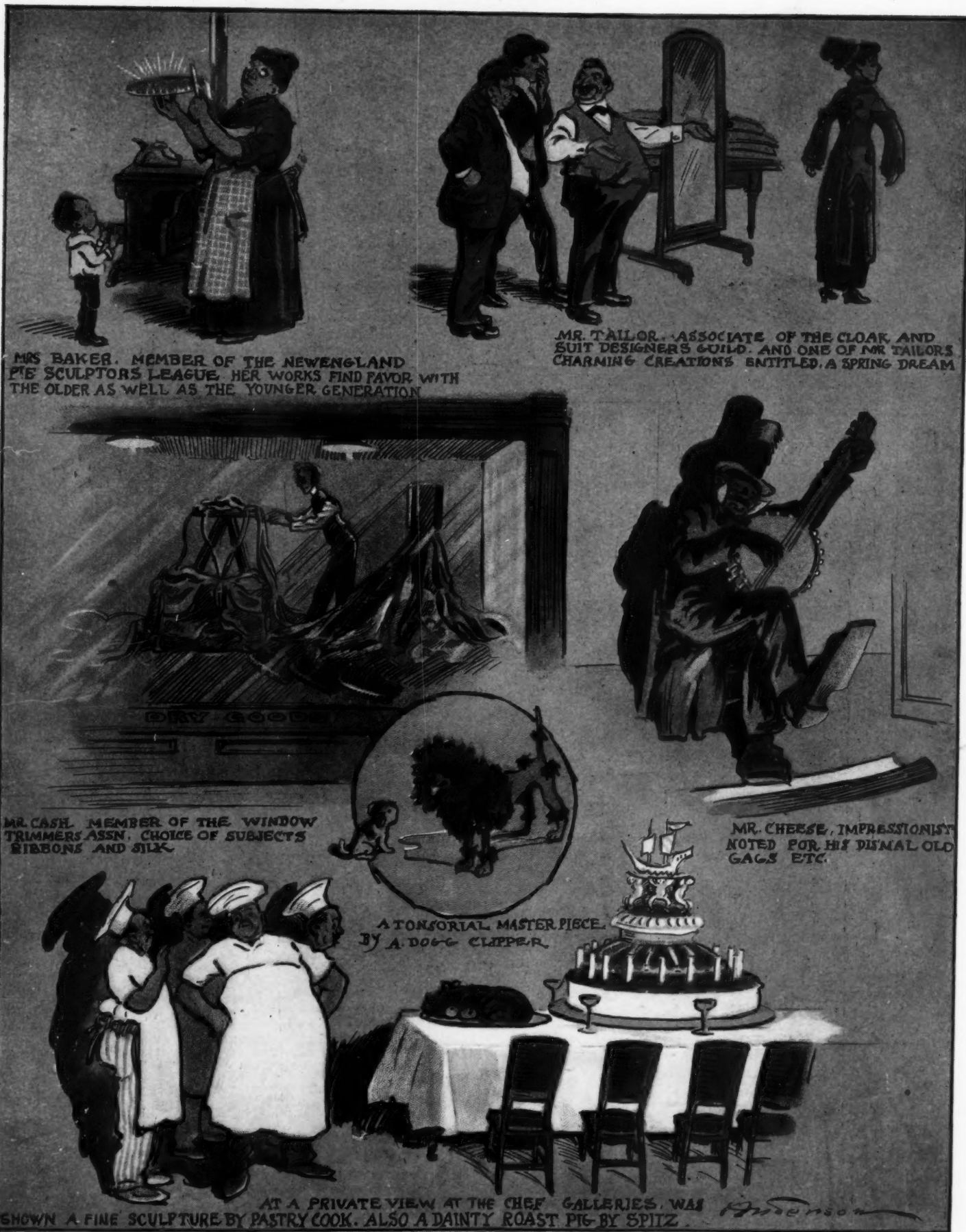
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